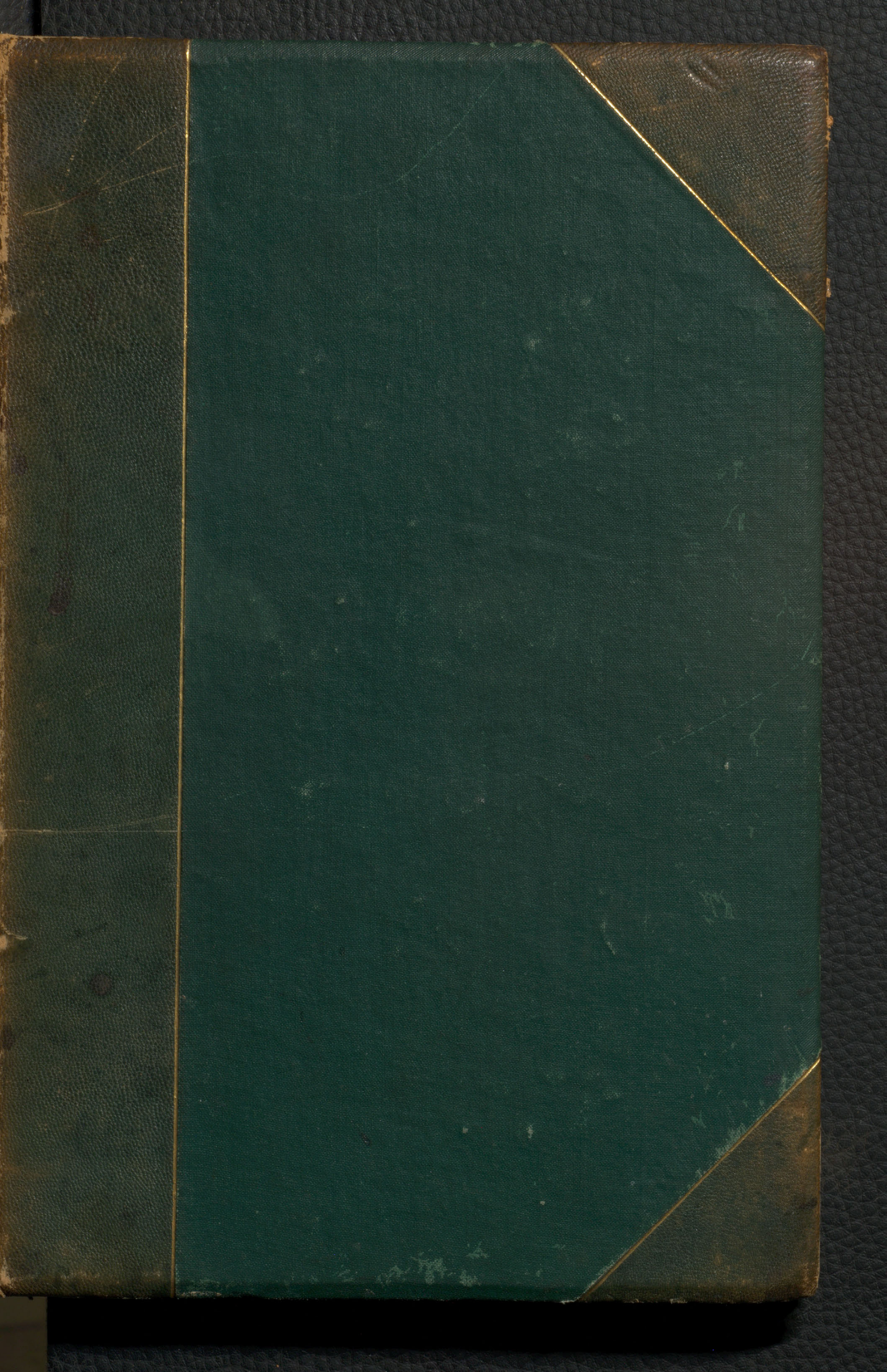
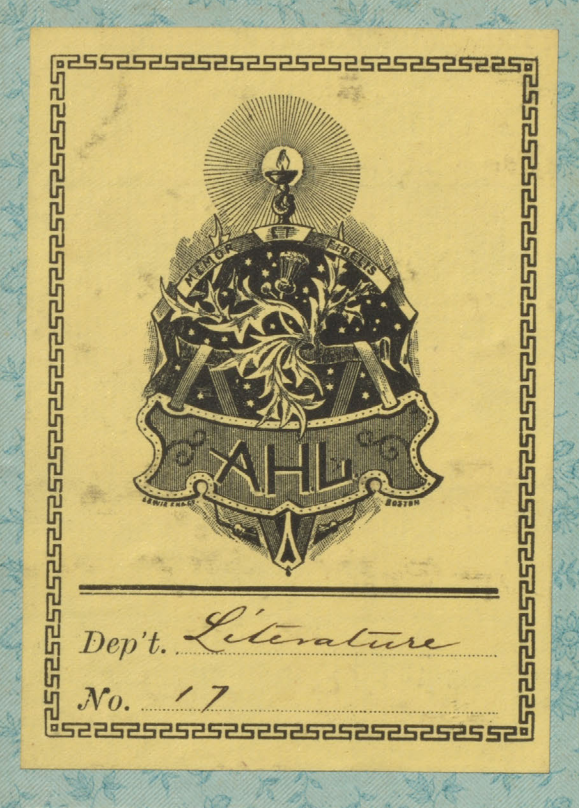
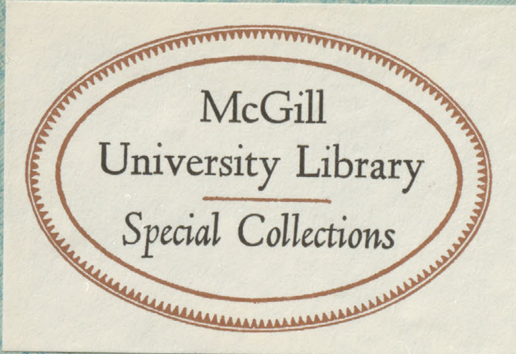
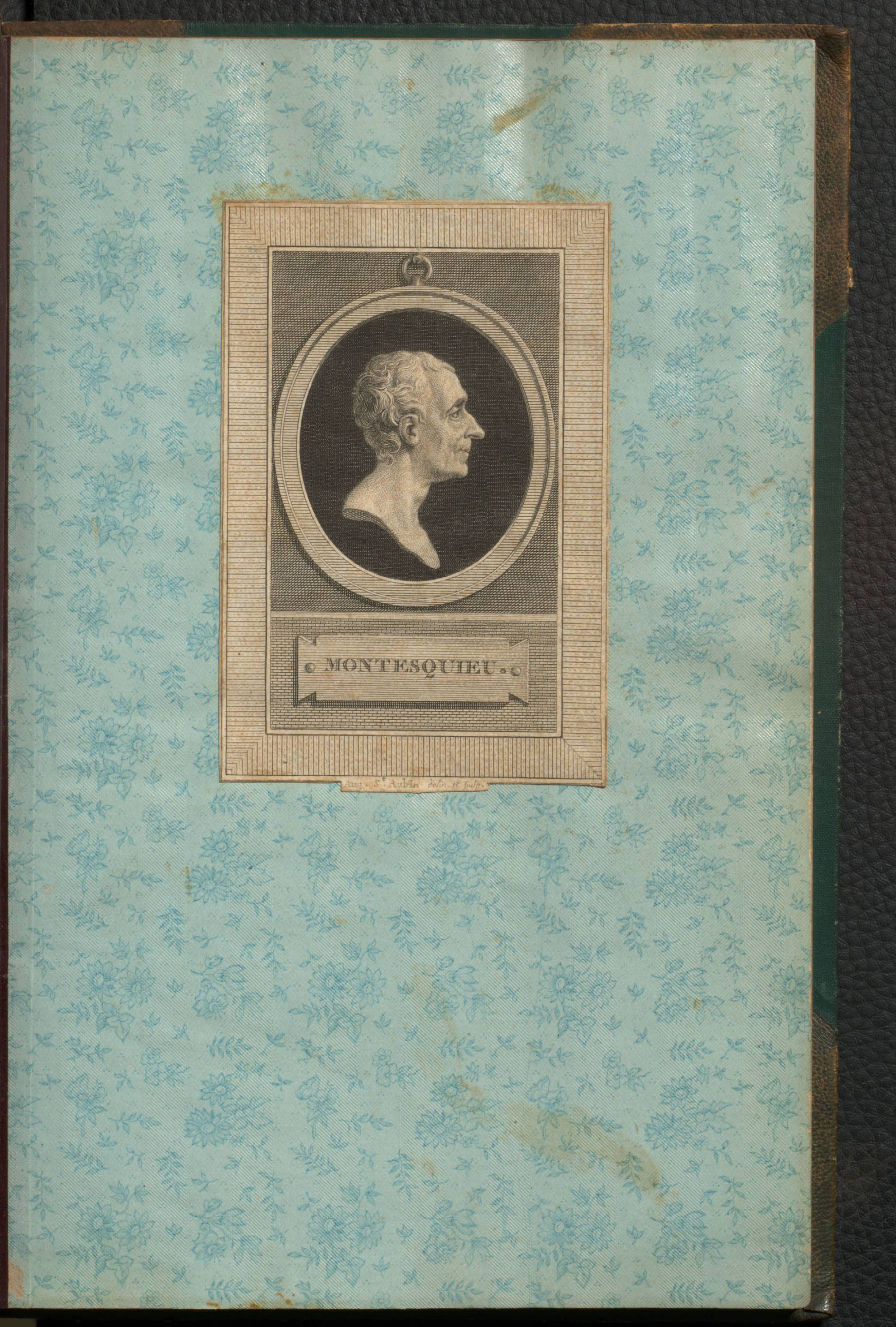
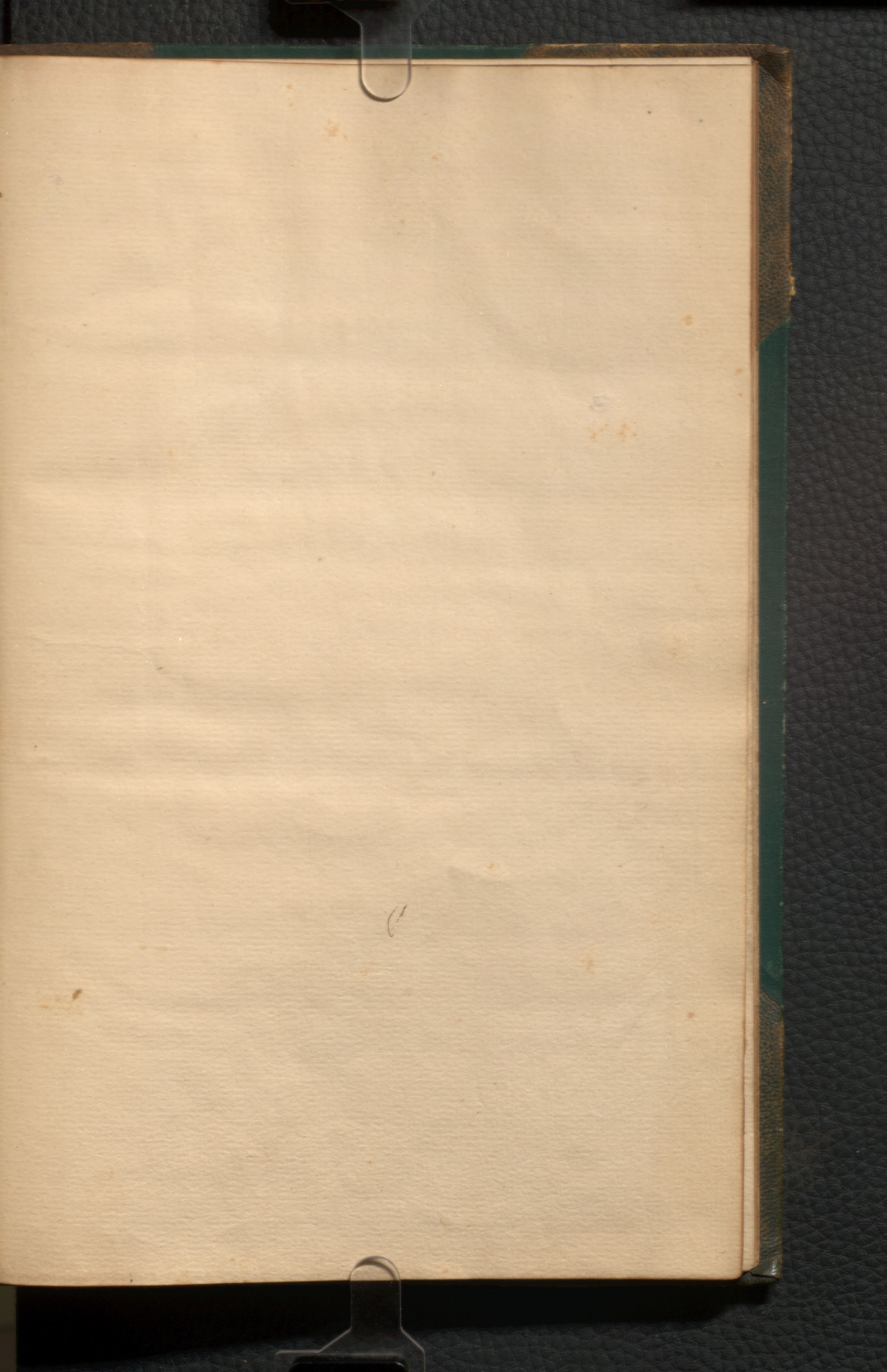
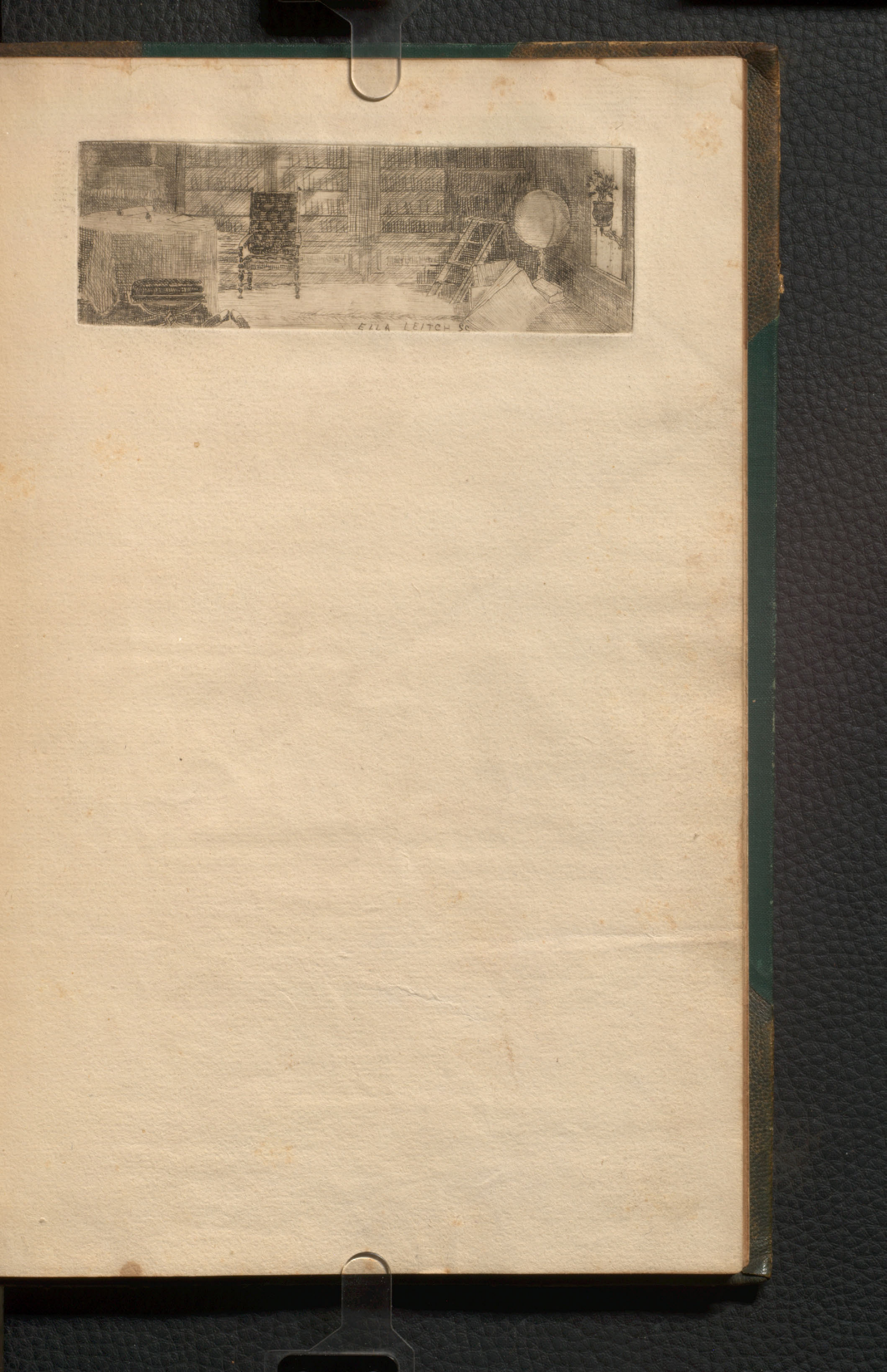



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MONTESQUIEU
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ELLA LEITCH SC

Preface

It is difficult to explain why the editors of Montesquieu's works have not as yet united with his works, so many times reprinted, the **Voyage To Paphos**, which had appeared, anonymously it is true, in the Mercury of France (december 1727) and which was attributed very positively to Montesquieu since the year 1778. The abbé de La Porte, in fact, in his supplement to Literary France of 1769 (Paris, Duchesne, 1778, two parts, 8vo), cited "The **Voyage To Paphos**, fragment, by M. de Montesquieu, 1727". However, neither critic nor editor had thus far taken the pains to look in the Mercury Of France for a work, incomplete doubtless, but which the celebrity of its author at least commended to the curiosity of the literary.

M. Louis Vian, to whom we owe the valuable and remarkable History Of Montesquieu collated from his late

unpublished documents (Paris, Didier, 1878, 8vo, pages 92 and following), was the first who cared to enter certain details of the subject-matter of Voyage To Paphos, who did not hesitate to attribute it to Montesquieu, not only after Literary France, but even after the testimony of the author's family; This testimony is recorded in the Nobility Of Guyenne, by O'Gilvy (Bordeaux, 1858, in article Secondat). "Mlle de Clermont his old friend, lodged in the Petit Luxembourg with her grand-mother, since the exile of her brother in 1726 and the death of the count of Melun in 1724, says M. Louis Vian, was living so withdrawn from her charge that it fell to the superintendance of the queen. Montesquieu, seeing that the loss of this lover was causing her to renounce pleasure, resolved to revive for the time being the dear deaparted... The new poem that he wrote on this occasion he called the Voyage To Paphos." M. Louis Vian has possibly not been accurate in seeking the origin and destination of this poem, which is but a fragment, and in which the evident allusion to to M. de Melun (Adonis slain in the chase by a wild beast) figures merely in an episodical way. M. Louis Vian has related in his book, with no little attraction and delicasy, how Montesquieu had been the adorer and perhaps the favored lover of Mlle de Clermont (Maria-Anne

of Bourbon), grand-daughter of Great Condé and a daughter of the Marchioness of Montespan. This liason or relation was certainly posterior to the death of the duke of Melun, mortally wounded by a stag in the wood of Chantillon, where the king hunted with the duke of Bourbon, not in 1724, as says M. Louis Vian, but in the month of July 1722, as Voltaire relates in a letter written at Forges to the president of Bernieres, which begins thus: "The unfortunate death of Monsieur the duke of Melun changes my decision." It is not then the count of Melun who fell victim to a hunting accident, but his father, the duke of Melun. Voltaire says, in his letter: "After his death, the king proceeded to Versailles and gave deceased's regiment to the count of Melun. It is much regretted that he was not loved. He was a man of but little pleasantry, but much virtue, one whom we are forced to esteem." It is then quite evident that the declared and recognized lover of Mlle de Clermont was not this duke of Melun, "of much virtue," but indeed his son, the count of Melun, who probably had less virtue and more pleasantry, and who certainly still lived at the period that Montesquieu composed the Voyage to Paphos.

"This Voyage to Paphos, says M Louis

vian, celebrates the cynicism of love and of wine, and railles at the hypocricy of sport, represented by Diana hunting with Endymion in the wood. The principal scene shows Venus with Adonis and Bacchus with Ariadne, at table, uniting voluptuousness with drunkenness. Montesquieu seems chiefly to point out that the two sometimes appear on earth to taste the pleasures of mortals, and that Adonis, slain in the chase by a wild beast, like M. de Melun, has been changed, by the order of his mistress, to a flower, which first takes form at Paphos: just as the likeness of a person is revived when we think much of him

"This poem, of a superior execution than the Temple Of Gnidus, appeared in the Mercury Of France of December 1727, and was given to conciliate the author's influential friends among whom was Mlle de Clermont."

It is incontesable that the Temple Of Gnidus has been composed in 1724, for Mlle de Clermont; but, in reading this poem so far as it had been published in 1725, we perceive that it is not complete and that we possess only fragments or rather simple extracts, cut off as adroitly as possible from a work much more extended, wherein he has wished to make systematically

suppressions more or less important. For instance, the second canto contains but three pages, and the cantos following, with the exception of the 7th are even shorter than the first, which alone has probably the proportion intended. These suppressions in the text have elsewhere deranged the economy of the original poem in so far that it throws obscurity on the various parts of the recital where the lover of Thémera relates what he has seen at Gnidus. This lover, who is not named, and who is none other than Montesquieu himself, enters thus in the scene, at the end of the 1st canto: "I have seen all this that I describe. I have been at Gnidus, I there have seen Thémira, and I loved her; ~~the~~ more I looked upon her the more I loved her. I shall remain at Gnidus all my life with her and I will be the happiest of mortals." The examination of the first edition of the Temple Of Gnidus suffices to convince us that we have not the entire poem; in this edition there are no others cantos indicated than the 6th and 7th, and the end of this last canto does not announce that it is the conclusion of the work. We may then suppose that there is yet an 8th canto that has not been made or that is suppressed.

As to the gaps that is found in the five first cantos, we divine them, we aver, neither being able to mark the place nor to appreciate its importance.

The Voyage To Paphos is also but a fragment like the Temple Of Gnidus, and in this new poem, as well as in the preceding, there is an unknown personage, it is still Montesquieu himself who relates his voyage to Paphos, as he has described his sojourn at Gnidus. It is to Mélita that he dedicates the relation of this voyage, and here he speaks no more of Thémia, who has been his beloved one in the Temple Of Gnidus. I recognize such analogies in the two works that I am tempted to believe they have been composed simultaneously and belong to each other through some close affinity that will be difficult enough to establish clearly. The Temple of Gnidus and the Voyage To Paphos are two admirable pasticcios of greek erotic, by which means the refined gallantry of the 18th century has allowed charming anachronisms. The two poems tend toward the deification of love. No one but a lover could have humored himself so far as to celebrate the worship of Venus,

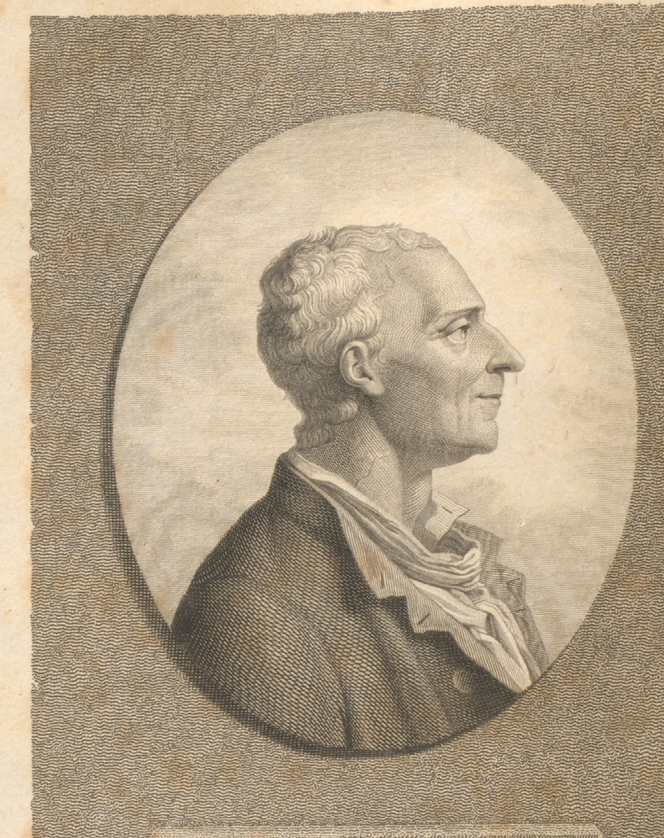
in the taste of Anacreon and Longus, in purposing to imitate the style of Fénelon in the Adventures of Telemachus.

As to the rest, it is certain, that Montesquieu was as absolutely foreign to the publication of the **Voyage To Paphos** in the **Mercury Of France** as he has been to that of the **Temple Of Gnidus** in the Bibliotèque Francoise. At the close of the year 1727, when the Mercury Of France inserted in its december number, the **Voyage To Paphos**, Montesquieu became candidate for the French Academy, and his opponents raised all possible machinations to defeat his election. Montesquieu had had considerable difficulty in persuading Cardinal de Fleury to retract his unfavorable opinion of the author of the Persian Letters, and he employed doubtless the credit of his most influential friends, possibly that of Mlle de Clermont to prevail upon the old cardinal to write a letter to the Academy wherein he declared himself satisfied by an amende honourable on Montesquieu disowning a work "that would certainly bring prejudice to his reputation." We perceive that, under such circumstances, an enemy, a rival, had

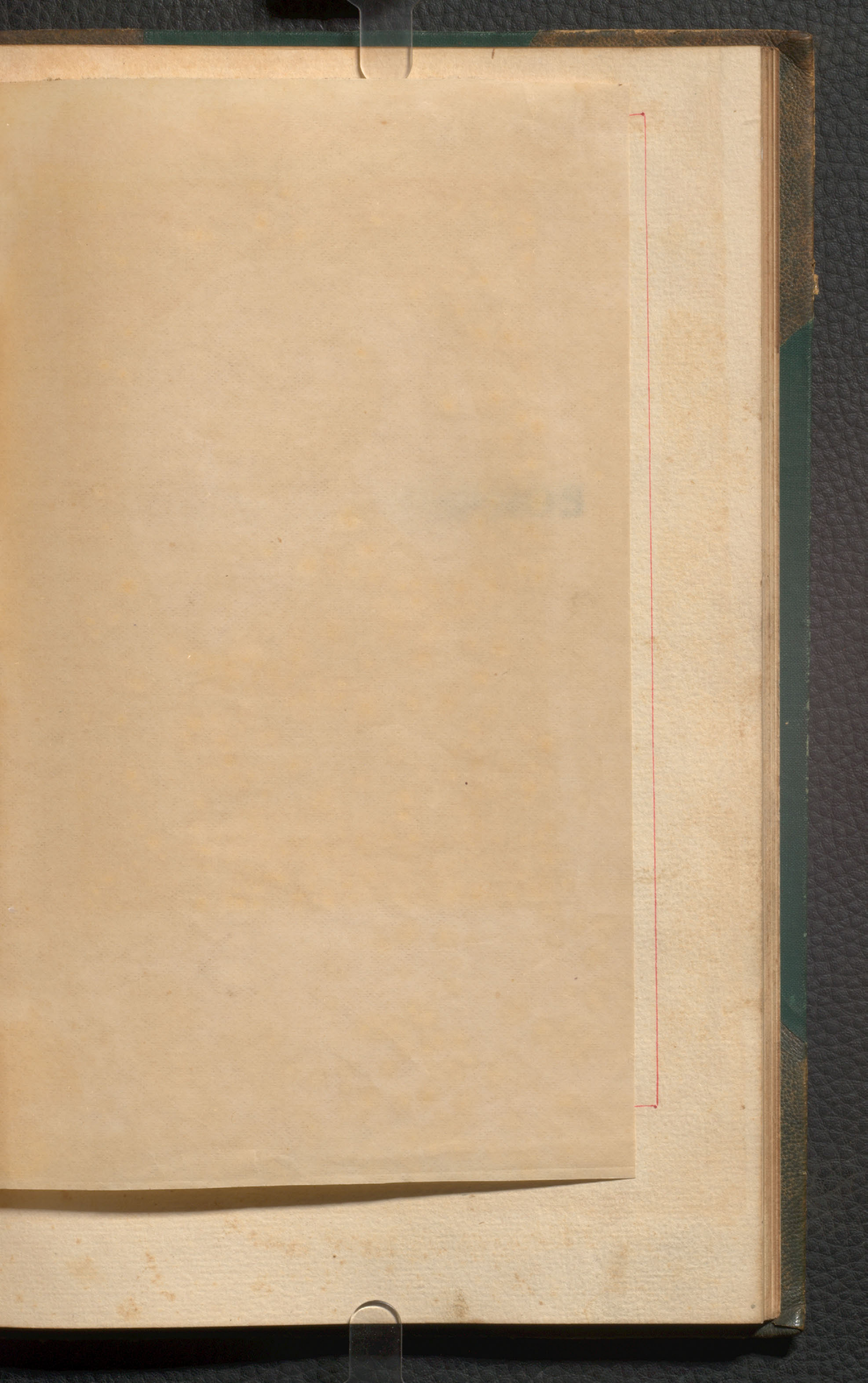
interest in bringing to light so compromising a work as the **Voyage To Paphos**. The manuscript has either been stolen from Montesquieu's cabinet, or from Mlle de Clermont's library; it was sent to the two editors of the Mercury Of France, La Roque and Fuzélier, who had not known the author, and who published it in complete innocense. The scandal that they expected, and which they wished exploited, had not produced the effect expected: Montesquieu was elected academician January 6th 1728, and they spoke no more of the **Voyage To Paphos**, although it was talked of in the <u>salon</u>.

A few months after his reception, Montesquieu, who appeared but thrice at the Academy, proceeded on a long voyage of political and philosophical exploration in Europe, during which the envious had sufficient leisure to ask whether he would find time to complete his **Voyage To Paphos**.

P. L. Jacob, bibliophile.

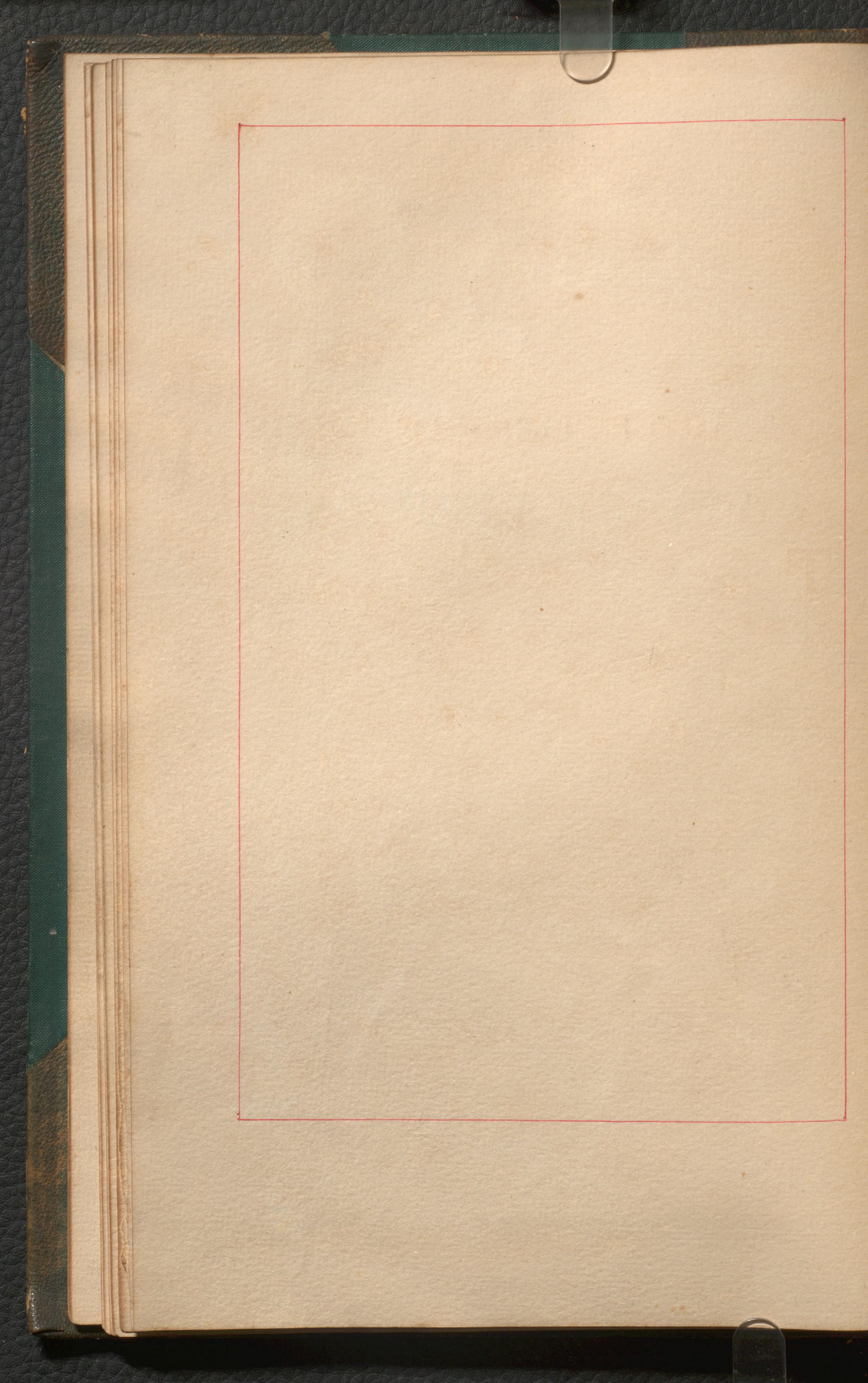


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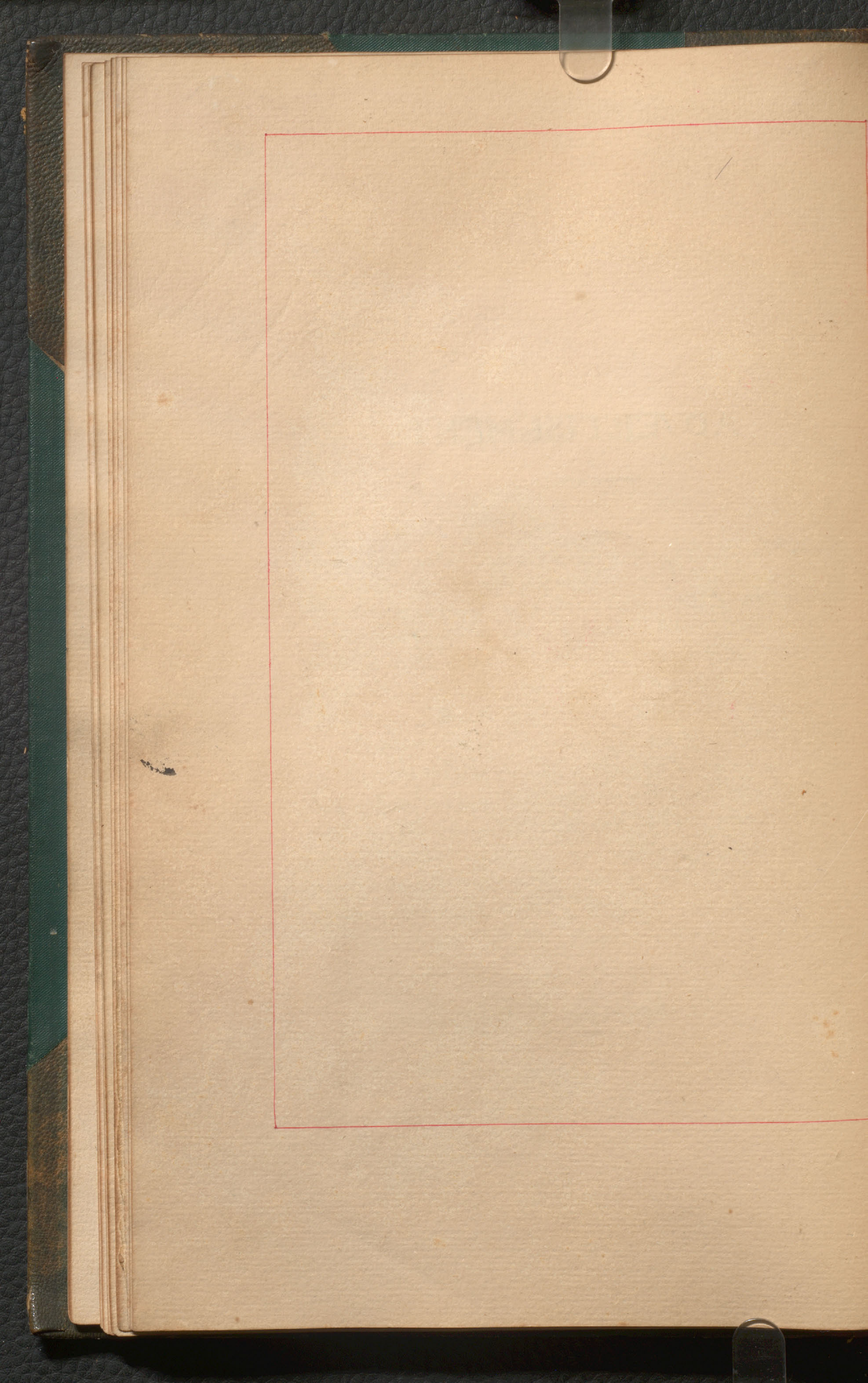
LE
VOYAGE A PAPHOS



ADVERTISEMENT

THE little work which we give here fell into our hands by chance. The title, the first page and the last are detached from the manuscript. Thus, we do not know just what may be missing from the complete work. We may judge by the author's imagination, that the fiction should have been carried out farther. We hope that the approval of the public will engage us to give the continuation and true title. In the meantime we give below the title as follows:

The Voyage To Paphos.





VOYAGE TO PAPHOS

VOYAGE TO PAPHOS

AFTER a pleasant voyage, which the Zephyrs quickened by their eager fluttering about Venus, I arrived at Paphos just as Aurora was rising. She appeared so smilingly to me that, without seeing Cephalus, I easily judged he was near her. I cannot, Mélita, picture to you the beauty of the palace of Venus; you may know by the idea the brush of Albano has given you: it is so true that we hardly distinguish whether the Graces have placed them-

selves in its designes or whether the Graces have been wrought after.

The most vivid imagination, the most refined taste, will never conceive the agreable assemblage composing her gardens

The god who protects them here fixed his abode, and all rests under his benign influence.

Art appears here only to make us taste with more admiration the beauties of nature, or, to express better, we do not recognize art. Paphos, in short, pleases the Loves, and Venus has never left it without regret except in going to the conquest of Adonis.

Filled with your idea, what feel I not in ~~Paphmmm~~ Paphos? Try to understand, Mélita, for I can never express it.

I wandered some moments from grove to grove, and I listen with attention to the touching sounds of Philomela, which seemed to me more tender in blending with the murmur of this isle's fountains, when I perceived a nymph who was coming to me.

"I doubt not, happy lover, said she in accosting me, but that you may be well received in this court.

—I am Diphilus, have I answered; I love Mélita.

—The lover of Melita, rejoined the nymph, should be the model of love. We intend speaking incessantly of Mélita's charms at the court of Venus, and you come undoubtedly to return thanks to the goddess for her benefits; but we do not enter her palace just now. I shall conduct you there in time, and I wish, in awaiting her waking, to entertain you beneath this shade."

I wished to thank the nymph for a reception so gracious.

"You are under less obligation than you think, replied she; the greatest pleasure that I can have in Paphos, is the entertaining of mortals. The nymphs, my companions, are charged with this duty at Cythera; but in Paphos, it is the care of Zelida alone.

"Venus permits her nymphs to choose their lovers at Gnidus, at Amathus and at Cythera. When the sojourn of the goddess is at Amathus, the lovers of the other isles languish

distressed by her absence; you find me here now only in reverie: I love in Cythera.

— What! said I to Zelida, does the queen of pleasure permit in her own court that we should know punishment in loving?

— Do not be astonished Diphilus; these are the penalties that establish the happiness of loving ~~the tender~~ hearts.

Venus, attentive to all that can augment the delights of her empire, sometimes orders that her nymphs pass a day without speaking to their lovers; it is also forbidden us to see them at certain hours. These defences are not barriers to deprive us of their presence, but made to add to the pleasure of seeing, the pleasure of imagining.

Absence which vulgar lovers account a penalty, augments the sweetness that we taste in loving; Venus submits herself to her laws, and the mother of the ~~gods~~ Loves knows what constitutes a happy heart. She establishes her court in many isles, but it is in Paphos only that she ~~[illegible]~~

creates the pleasure of seeing Adonis.

—Adonis! exclaim I, and have not the gods changed him to a flower?

—Your astonishment does not surprise me, said Zelida; few mortals can understand the happiness of Adonis. His courage having prevailed over the prayers that Venus made against his hunting wild beasts, a boar sacrificed him to the anger of Diana, and Venus, turning his blood into nectar, prevailed on the gods to change it to a flower.

"When the goddess was granted that, she traversed the skies transporting it to the empire of Flora.

"Queen of flowers, to her she said, "whose empire is as brilliant as the "Loves, you complain each day "of the fickleness of Zephyr: I come "to you offering to make him as "constant as the doves you see "yoked to my car

"For such engaging offers Flora knew that the goddess expected some aid of her power: for gods as much as mortals flatter not but to obtain that which they desire.

"What do you exact of me to recog-
" nize a favor so sensitive? re-
" plied Flora to Venus. It is true
" that Zephyr disquiets and allarms
" me incessantly, and that in
" assuring ~~me~~ his heart you assure
" my tranquility.

"— Your happiness depends on
" yourself, resumes Venus. The most
" charming of mortals, Adonis hap-
" pens to lose life; but, if Flora
" seconds me, the Fates shall
" not cut the thread of a life so
" beautiful but to make his lot more
" glorious. It is within your em-
" pire: transport it to Paphos, amia-
" ble goddess; makest thou but this
" flower there preserve its freshness
" and beauty forever. On its continu-
" ance depends the constancy of
" Zephyr.

"— The constancy of Zephyr!
" exclaimed Flora with transport;
" agreed, goddess, Adonis is immor-
" tal.

"From that day, Zephyr never
forsook Flora; Flora interested in
the flower of Adonis, never left Paphos,
and the happiness of these lovers
renders this sojourn more worthy
of Love.

"Venus, in obtaining that Adonis should be changed to a flower, limited not her prayers to this change only. Thus it is that in order to succeed in what we project we attain by degrees to what we expect.

"Assured of Flora's assistance, she made this prayer to the ruler of the gods:

"Powerful god of the universe, if
" in order to punish the audacity of a mortal, thou gavest
" heretofore Diana the power to
" change Acteon, wilt thou refuse, to make the happiness
" of Venus, in changing a flower?
" It is according to my prayer
" that thou hast animated the
" work of Pigmalion: should the
" love of a goddess touch thee less
" than the love of a mortal?
" No, no; go thou animate the
" flower of Adonis; he has pleased
" Venus much, he merits thy
" help.

"Jupiter owed too much pleasure to the empire of Love, not to contribute to the happiness of the goddess. She flys to Paphos, mistress of giving to the flower

what is so dear to her the form and charm of Adonis; but she is able to do so in this isle only, and the pleasure would be less worthy of Venus if she should make this change in all the places submitted to her power. Who can complain of absence when Venus leaves Adonis?

"It is true, added Zelida, that during absence and other troubles belonging to love, it is necessary to know the sweetness that we can withdraw. I forget nothing: at Gnidus or at Paphos, I think of the pleasures of Cythera only. I recall the moments that I have passed with Licas--- That sigh apprises you that it is Licas that I love. Absent, his idea is ever present to my mind; I repeat to myself everything I said to him in parting. I follow him in the wood where I love to find him; I see him carelessly lain down, entertaining himself in a sweet reverie; he loves me, he thinks of me, may be he talks of me.

A few days before rejoining Licas, I anticipate all he is to tell me. I judge the pleasure he shall have in meeting me by the tenderness of his adieus; I see him coming quickly before me; his transports mingling with my joys; I fly into his arms - - - What caresses! - - -

— Ah! nymph, how you increase my impatience to meet Melita!

— She will know in your embraces, replied she, that absence, in making you wish for them longer, gives them a new price.

— But do I not see the palace of Venus?

— No: that is the abode of the Graces. That portico of foliage that we see yonder leads to a vestibule where assemble the Geniis who are destined to inspire politeness to mortals. Each Grace instructed them according to the department with which she is entrusted. The first teaches to speak the language of the Graces: it is she who forbade those deceitful exaggerations which, far from honoring a mistress, dishonors the tasteless person putting them

incessantly in use; it is she who dictates a declaration in which they recognize more embarassment than satisfaction; it is she who labors to banish from genteel society the mischievous jocoseness and all what is not of the choice of the Graces.

"Her junior has the inspection of dress. She gives no rules for its adjustment; she only wishes that taste rather than ~~elegance~~ magnificense rules. She passes to the fair sex some unaffected caprice as a favor of her mood; but she condemns in gentlemen everything that may approach studied arrangement.

"The third Grace is charged with maintaining or cultivating that which people ~~call~~ term "polite manners", and, as each nation has its customs in politeness Carita gives different lessons to the Genii, according to the country whither they are destined.

I entered with Zelida just as they were instructing the Genii in French politeness. A Genei affects the mischievous conceits of our dandies, and Carita was remarking the rediculousness to the others. He mimicked, that

day there, a young coxcomb, who in a vain glorious air, approaches a lady attuned to him, to tell her boldly, that he comes, to the house of Beliza, to profit by her husbands absence, and a moment after, asks in her ear what luck there is. One apprises him that the evenings entertainment is fine.

Carita dwelt long on the sentiments with which people plume themselves now-a-days, and concluded in exhorting her her Genius to recall the politeness of olden times.

Zelida presented me to Carita. She received me as the Graces receive true lovers.

"I understand how much you love Mélita, she says to me; but you believe you love only a mortal, like all amiable mortals. I am going to teach you what Mélita is.

"The mother of the Graces took birth in the empire of Neptune. From the time she appeared there, all the gods came to render her homage. The Loves in growing up about the goddess, have sported with the older divinities. Venus soon became

the mistress of the entire world; all recognize her power, and Neptune rejoiced in having seen born the sovereign of the universe.,

"Envy reigns even in the heavens. The goddess of the earth went complaining to Destiny.

"Arbiter of immortals, she said, "why should Neptune hold sway over the mother of the gods! If it " was resolved that Venus was not " born in Olympus, it was not for " the god of the sea to give her " birth: Cybelé expected that " honor

" —— Console yourself, answered " Destiny to the goddess; he will bring " forth in your empire a mortal " of whom Olympus in his turn will " become jealous. Her beauty will " not equal that of Venus; but, " under features less regular, you " will see shine more delicacy " and vivacity. It will surpass " majesty itself, and, without being " divine, she will receive the " homage of mortals."

"Too happy Diphilus, know ye again Melita, and wonder not if we praise her incessantly.

Venus joins to her beauty the charms which the Graces give her, and we join to our charms the accompaniments that Mélita gives us; but she is ignorant herself of all the advantages that she has received from the gods. Weak mortal, her vanity will diminish perhaps. What would become an amiable fair one more than to be ignorant of her beauty gaining the love of another!

— No, no! I exclaimed; I shall teach Mélita what she ignores. At first she will not believe me; I will vow to her by the name of Love that it is from Carita that I learned it. She will not doubt longer, for she is always so modest that, if I could forget what Mélita is, I should doubt myself that she would have faith in my oath."

Carita left us to join her sisters of Venus, and Zelida guided me through the different appartments of the pavillion.

Who could describe it's beauty? No, Mélita, I shall not attempt it: your imagination suffices; it is all that art can have invented to make an abode worthy of the

Graces.

We stopped a few moments in the salon of books. I was curious to know those that have the ~~xxxx~~ glory of amusing Paphos.

I saw naught but gallant titles. They are ranked on different shelves, according to the value the Graces put upon them. Ovid and Tibulus are placed on the same row with Anacreon and Sappho; but between the end of Ovid's century and our own time, the Graces have judiciously left spaces for many books.

I first put my hand on a volume wherein I recognized certain pieces by a coterie of authors who are more attached to the sentiments than the intellect.

I found on the same shelf various stories. At Paphos they read only what the fair sex approve; the others are not known.

A collection of songs, with "forbidden" (on the margin of certain ones) are set to airs of such rapid movements that it would convulse one to execute them.

Extracts from many of our

novels: the volumes are small; they have cut off the magical stories and tedious discourses. I was astonished to meet here certain works that should be unknown in Paphos: I learned that they were satisfield with the intention that their authors had had of being gallant, but that the Graces, who are not interested with them, did not read them.

Zelida asked me if I frequented the banks of Permessus.

"Yes, nymph, I there sometimes sing my love and happiness. If ~~I~~ love could inspire like Phoebus, I should have the advantage of Ovid himself: he loved Corinna alone, and I love Mélita!"

I wished to be informed of what the books in foreign languages treated; but Zelida admonished me that it was time to repair to the goddess.

In traversing a wood that leads to her palace, I heard a voice, broken by tender sighs, coming from beneath a leafy bower: "Yes, Doris, I promise, and thou shall't see – – – But what words – – – thou shall't see! Alas! Pardon

me, Doris! respect should forbid.

—— No, no, responds Doris, that error pleases love, and I say to thee, in my turn, Hillas - - - I pardon thee."

"Let us withdraw: these lovers do not wish witnesses, said Zelida. You are astonished perhaps at the delicacy of Hillas: he fears to offend Doris by the least familiarity. Mortals are not easily offended; but they who permit it much are culpable!"

At last I saw Venus. I confess, Mélita, her beauty is something superior than yours; but she owes to her divinity alone the little advantage she has over you.

She received my homages with a smile that did not permit me to doubt of my happiness, and I felt that her presence augmented my arder for her worship.

A disciple of Apollo, enamoured at Paphos, presents himself to the goddess, and recites a poem which he had composed, he said, to celebrate worthily the pleasures of love; he employs with an air of contentment all that Parnassus has to give value to his production.

Venus, without being touched by the effected stress of the disciple, answered him in a tone that was not flattering to him: "The Muses perhaps will be contented with your work; but I know of pleasures that Apollo himself will never express."

The nymps withdrew to leave the goddess with Ariadne and Bacchus, who appeared immediately. Adonis enters some time after. As for Love, one rarely sees him at the court of Venus; he occupies himself elsewhere in spreading it, and, in his leisure moments, he goes to judge with Psyché the sweetness of the pleasures he gives to the universe.

I followed Zelida who lead me through the gallery they call the Triumph of Mortals.

"The portraits that you see, says she in entering, are so many trophies to the glory of those they represent.

"Those that make up the first row are lovers who have done honor to the gallantry of their age, and

those have merited being placed beside them for having pleased Venus by some particular trait.

"This warrior is an illustration of the small community which many times, during life, refused to be found at the ample sacrifices of Bacchus to sacrifice to Love.

"Beside him, an old coquette who has never felt the least jealousy of her daughters charms.

"Following: a belle of high rank who, even after the inconstancy of a perfidious lover, has never had a new intrigue.

"Opposite, a discreet musician who, has been know to convert a disciple of Epicurus that had long declared himself against women.

"Do not be surprised if, among the portraits of rare lovers, you see so little French drapery. The nation produces more perfidy than lovers, and you invite your heroines to everything but the establishing of loving intercourse. —— Ah! why does not Venus

expel from her empire those lovers fearless of dishonoring it?

——Undecieve yourself, Diphilus: these lovers are not subject to the goddess; she accepts only the hearts her son has wounded. He knows the effects of his blows: in order to judge them better, he has wished them to feel, and Love only gives Venus hearts equal to his own

——But his arrows alone can render a heart sensitive. Does he disown those that he has wounded?

——It is true that the arrows of Love alone can make a heart sensitive, replied Zelida; but, in order to make it happy, the arrow must needs leave his hand, and I shall show you that he does not lance everyones

"Not long after the birth of Venus, a troop of Loves wandered into the wood of Cyntus. Diana had not then openly declared war against the goddess of pleasure, and the goddess, at that time not distrustful of the prude, had not

requested the Loves to shun the forests consecrated to Diana.

"The troop of Loves, in the arms of Morpheus, had refreshed themselves after the exercise of a long journey where, in envy of one another, they had tried on the birds the arrows destined to be hurled into the hearts of humans. Their quivers, pell-mell, were lying near them, and their bows without force unbended.

"The loving birds, in the tenderest celebrated their pleasures.

"Diana, attracted by a concert so charming, repressed her starts and ran under the shade where Sleep took delight in refreshing the Loves.

"What see I? said she to her nymphs; what occasion to outrage the goddess of Paphos! Diminish her power, disarm the sleeping Loves".

"Each nymph hastens to please the goddess, and, filching the quivers, soon fills them again with the arrows of Love. If there is any one who has the repugnace to declare against Venus, it is

she, who, trying to conceal it, shows the more envy. Diana won her victory; the Loves awakened. Ashamed of their defeat, they weep and fly to Cythera.

"The sylvains around about were soon aware that Diana had changed her arrows.

"Let us seize them in our turn say they among themselves; the nymphs effect a rigor whereof we shall triump with the arrows of Love. Let us strive to retake them — — — Their arms always hang on the trees surrounding the fountain of Diana: if Love and Mercury favor us when they enter the bath, their ~~arrows~~ quivers are ours!"

"The fauns, without fearing the fate of Acteon, delayed not in the attempt of his capture. They approach the fountain; the nymphs cry out, but the quivers are carried away. Vanity, avarice and all the vices in turn became master of these arms after the Loves were despoiled of them. These are the misleading arrows that wound the most of hearts that you believe subject to Venus.

Abandon, Diphilus, that sacrilegious error. When they are thus wounded, they have not the love requisite to believe they love.

——How I pity sensitive hearts without the avowal of Love! exclaimed I; that incense I owe to his altar, since I doubt not that my heart should owe him all it's fires!

"Since I came to know myself, he inspires me how I was destined to live under his laws. I was constantly trying to render myself subject; I attacked myself in order to be vanquished; I vowed that I loved, but inconstancy soon came to teach me that I made false oaths.

"Are these then the pleasures
"of love? said I incessantly. I
"love, at least I believe I love,
"and I know not the sweetness
"it promises to lovers. No, no,
"it's promises are false, and I
"wish to abjure his culture."

"At last, weary of this changing
"and fickleness, I run to the temple of Love.

"Lunatic! I ~~exclaimed~~. demanded leave of his empire, and I had never known it!

"Son of Venus, thou hast concealed thy design!

"I grant thy request, he said to me; but it is necessary that in thy place another heart yield me submission. Choose, and I will learn by whom thou wishest to be succeeded. Give me, if you can, one of those hearts that have never loved, that fears even to know me: it is over those hearts I like to conquer.

"—— Conquer Mélita's, Love! Her heart would do honor to your empire, and her beauty, to Venus.

"—— Follow me, responds the god of Cythera; thou shallt be witness to my victory- - - Ah! said he in approaching Mélita, if Love should be inconstant, I would would this heart in favor of myself; but- - -

"The arrow left that instant, and Mélita inflamed, recognized herself no longer.

"That is how I wound the hearts I wish to render happy! added Love in extracting the arrow from Mélita's bosom and plunging it in mine.

"A smile shows thee, Diphilus, " that thou shouldst love, " and, if it is so sweet in my em- " pire, I ought to punish thee " for having doubted it; but I " forget thy offense, and, to recom- " pense thee for having wished " to love so many various objects, " I give thee in Mélita an eter- " nal constancy."

But, Zelida, why do you recount a victory that Love could not carry forward without you?

" Your lot is charming, said Zelida; I do not see how Licas and his nymph could be wounded more happily than you. I will teach thee, in my turn, how Love ~~mo~~ becomes ~~mat~~ master of our hearts; but the concert which I overhear announces that Venus and Bacchus wish to receive at their table Ariadne and Adonis.

"The two come eagerly on earth to taste the pleasures of mortals; the change gives more life than the pleasures of Olympus itself. Bacchus abandons the heavens to enjoy with Ariadne the good will of Love, and Venus leaves the nectar to celebrate with Adonis the gifts of Bacchus."

I see these happy mortals, seated at the table of the goddess. What a repast! The god of wine, to hold court with Venus, was never more tender; and Venus in order to honor the god of wine never displayed more playfulness.

The nymphs gave, with the bacchantes, a concert which only Apollo could disavow; but Bacchus preferred in his songs a disorder unconformable with exact harmony.

A satyr from the isle of Naxis exerted himself in languishing sounds to celebrate the charms of love. Venus herself disapproved of it: she maintains that where Bacchus presides gayety holds sway over all; but ~~[illegible]~~ Bacchus, loving, orders his retinue to celebrate with his glory, the glory of Love, and lead them himself in singing:

If thy songs celebrate not the arrows of Love,
Thy songs are imperfect,
And Bacchus condemns them.
Drinkers, sing not to me without
Singing Ariadne.

The nymphs joined in the chorus of the satyrs to sing the praises of Bacchus, while he sang ~~of~~ the praises of Love. The concert becomes more brilliant, and, its concords

recalling to wine, soon lead to the liveliest transports. After the others doubted no longer of the triumph of Bacchus, they retire to allow the triumph of Venus.

Zelida offers me a repast where mortals are admitted to Paphos. We entertain ourselves long with Bacchus and his court.

"I confess, said I to the nymph, that this god who dishonored her divinity was a picture.

— I understand, said she, what mortals think of the culture of the god of wine. Each god has his altar, and each altar its false priests. Politics, ignorance and corruption shapes everything these days. Perhaps we would not know there was vice without the pernicious example of those whom the gods have decided to banish from them.

"The priests of Bacchus give birth to the errors which dishonor his empire: they depict him deprived of reason and barely able to sustain his thirst. The ~~according~~ Bacchantes according to them, show in their transports, more fury than merriment. Silenus, half dead, floundering in the lees, does it not inspire thee more with horror than veneration

for the god he has formed?

"No, no, Diphilus, this is not Bacchus, this is not his court. Bacchus always preserves the same grace concerning Ariadne. As tender as brilliant, he is a god to follow, not to fear: always pleasing to Venus, he knows no frenzy but the frenzy of Love.

"The Bacchantes merrily inspirit their sports and laughter; but they always preserve their attraction.

Silenus is an old man from whom Bacchus received care; he gaurded his infancy, and this god accordingly imparts to his old-age all the vivacity he is capable of inspiring. Can we refuse the greatest veneration to a god who always puts his glory to appear intelligently with Love?

"A reveler from mount Cytheron, who knew no worship but what they give to the god of wine, spoke one day of the fires of Love as false lovers speak of the pleasures of Bacchus: for they believe they honor the son of Venus in despising the god of wine.

"It is thus, said he in holding his goblet full, it is thus that I defy

the arrows of Cythera."

"Love was fluttering between Ciphisa and his heart

"Thou believest me vanquished, Love? said the ~~xxxxx~~ drinker; "learn to respect a god stronger "than thyself. This cup quaffed "will decide thy shame or his "glory.

"He raised to his lips, but a look from Cĕphisa soon proves to the reveler that Bacchus often aids in the triumph of Love.

"Who more than me, adds Zelida, who better than me should know the power and intelligence of these gods charms? They share my wishes, and I pledge my happiness to partake of the pleasures we taste in their empire. It is from Bacchus that I learned to love, and it is from Love---"

They came to advise Zelida that Mercury had descended and that the nymphs were going to receive him.

"Mercury keeps account of the shades who present themselves to cross the dark river. Messenger of the gods, he comes, on the part of Minos and Rhadamanthus, to ask Venus what punishment they

shall give certain shades on whom the goddess reserved judgment.

"Well! Mercury, said she to him, have we many constant hearts to reward? They are too rare now-a-days to be seen often at the gloomy brink, responded Mercury. On the contrary, a french lord who has always treated constant lovers as vulgar lovers presents himself.

—— Ah! I shall correct that abuse, replied Venus. The common folk are so prone to imitate his conceited manners that, if such language remained unpunished, we should no longer see true love in France. Rather let us punish this heartless wag than the twelve provincial shades enamoured of him!

To these provincial ones, said Mercury, add also an old coquette who has elevated fashion to the fourteenth luster.

—— No, I wish to punish her. To plume herself so long on gallantry, that is dishonoring my empire. When sports and laughter retire, she ought to quit the Loves. It were better all gallant shades

impose restraint upon themselves in order to make her offers with the purpose of deceiving her!

—— If you punish for having wished to please long, replied Mercury, what penalty are you to give the shade of a listless beauty who has passed her days in adjusting the charms of which she never makes use?

—— It is evil to explore my favors. When I give charms I destine them for my glory. What has been the delight of this shade will be her punishment. Rather present her mirror incessantly before her, and withdraw it as she approaches: her torture will be greater than Tantalus' — — — Alas! added the goddess in taking the list from Mercury's hand, I will always see envious ones who have no other pleasure than slandering the chapter-house of Love! It is not in my power to give beauty to all women. The Graces sometimes console those owing me nothing; but, when they owe nothing neither to the Graces nor to myself, they wish to revenge it in speaking evil of those I protect. I maintain that they

respect the works of Venus, and, in order to punish these envious ones, I condemn her to hear the charms of beautiful shades spoken of continually without giving her time to reply to the contrary.

—— It is necessary to charge with this task, said Mercury, the shade that Charon is to carry across with him: he is a lover who has boasted of having had favors that have never been accorded him.

—— What perfidy! responded Venus. I much wish him to suffer the tortures of the envious; but to let him see himself, let us show him the portrait of his fair one in the hand of a discreet shade.

"But who is this shade of ill humor? pursued the goddess.

—— He is an author who has exhausted himself in making a criticism of Ovids Art of Love. Do you not recognize the poetical jealousy? added Mercury. He forces himself to imitate those who have known how to please.

Imitation does not succeed, it offends self-respect. "I possess the genius, ~~but~~ say some, but I do not know how to approach the model I have chosen. Then, the model is not good, and, to prove it, I will make a criticism of it."

—— This poet, resumed the goddess, deserves the cruelest torture for having declared himself against an author who owes more to me than to the Muses. Let us inspire him with the same mode of thinking as have gentlemen of taste, and for his torment recite him daily a page of his verse.

"What torture shall I give this warrior from the banks of the Seine who has always glorified in singing songs against Love? Hell has nothing too harsh to avenge my son.

—— I invent a novelty for him, interrupted Mercury; let us make him listen to a concert in Italy twice a day!

—— But I forget, adds he, a disciple of Thémis who has never loved anything but dress.

—— Ah! exclaimed Venus, that is an evil that overspreads all France! It is also fatal to

my empire. I must arrest its course. Indeed! what fair one would wish to love if all men thought as this tasteless magistrate? Let us frizzle him out every quarter hour and, after he appears satisfied with his adjustment, make him promenade in a high wind. The torture is cruel but the offense is great."

Venus arose, and Mercury bore to hell those sentenced by the goddess; but this god has many employments at Paphos, and I met him again in a more cheerful way.

After the Graces returned, Venus resumed sway as the queen of pleasure, and the nymphs had gave orders to prepare for the chase.

The most perfect beauty the most amiable maintenance, in order to preserve pleasure, need aid. The mother of sport and laughter selects the amusement that singles out the mortal she loves. I seen here there in hunting habit, and I perceived that under that habilliment Adonis found

Venus even superior to herself.

The nymphs animate the dogs; we hear them call Melampa, Driopa, Silvage; but we knew by their cries that they were better fitted for the language of Cythera than to make the forests echo; they take up the arms of the hunters while the hunters fear Love's. The sound of the horn in Paphos inspires more tenderness than arder for the chase; it seems but a pretext to lose themselves in the wood.

The fires of Learchus augment in beholding Palmis armed like Venus and like Love. I hear him say, beside the nymph who sang to the sound of the horn:

From the god of Love
Has't thou taken thy charms;
They say to thy hand hath he yielded his arrows.
Your eyes, like his fires, are made to enflame us;
Thou has't o'er our hearts an empire supreme.
That we love you, soon are we conscious.
Palmis, if but a little you would love,
You would be Love himself.

The nymph listens and smiles; her eyes say to Learchus that he is loved, but she delays the avowal

in order to render him more sensitive.

Diana frequently goes astray into the wood of Venus; she finds Endymion more tender in the isle of Paphos than in the isle of Ortygia, and this goddess more reserved and sensitive than the other, has ever wished to see her shepherd there; but she never seen him there. Venus, in following Adonis, met him in Paphos one day. Diana had hoped that Endymion would not appear.

Why! said she in appraching the goddess with a formal air, queen of Love, do you not disdain to-day the amusemnt of the goddess of the Wood?

—— When Diana is in Paphos, responds Venus, what god will be astonished in seeing the mother of Love hunt here? Adonis teaches me to learn your laws. I glory in following them; but you, more mysterious, you learned to taste my pleasures from a shepherd, you always affect to condemn them. Adieu, grave goddess,

Endymion advances: imitate Venus, and I will imitate Diana; but remember that the precautions one takes to conceal passions serve only to make them the sooner known."

They who affect the severe style, are easily offended and never pardon. Diana believed herself outraged, and her hypocrisy unmasked, demanded nothing less than blood. Venus is immortal, and from that instant the death of Adonis was resolved; but to-day the goddess despises her enemy: she pursued, with huntress, the most ferocious beasts fearless of their tusks. She sets out, Adonis follows her, and all are ready to declare the chase more pleasing than fatiguing.

"What joy is pictured in their faces! said Zelida to me; Antenor alone remains in a gloomy silence and seems to despise all the nymphs; but they take no offense at the revery that occupies him.

"To mortals, his abstraction perhaps might seem to be haughtiness,

for frequently those whom they accuse are the least subject. Do not be deceived, Dipilus, do not despise him because you do not understand him; he abandons himself to his thoughts or natural way, and, if he thought that he had brought haughtiness into suspicion he would apply himself to undeceive those in whom he had raised the suspicion.

— Ah! nymph, would that they think elsewhere as they think in Paphos!"

After we had lost the troop from sight, we continued the conversation until Mercury's arrival had interrupted. The nymph gave me a charming discourse on true delicacy; she taught me the art of maintaining those pleasures known to us and, to discover those we know not of, when we arrived at the pavillion of dreams.

Ah! exclaimed I, there is a dream that never quits me: it is one that recalls all the charms of Mélita. This night again— — — But why love this deceiver? my awaking makes it seem so cruel!

— I perceive what touches me most, said Zelida; it represents Licas

reclining lovingly beside me. All the nymphs admire him. "How charming he is! they say; he is worthy of Venus! How happy he is!" "Yes responds Licas, in loving Zelida and being loved by her."

But in all these dreams I see nothing that jealousy is able to form.

Jealousy! exclaimed Zelida is unknown in Paphos; her dreams fly from the court of Hymen, and Love only knows her but to defend himself against her. We evade here those suspicions complaints and justifications of which lovers make use of so much. Venus takes no offense at Vulcans reproaches; but those of Mars have decided for Adonis.

"Love of one's self frequently produced the sentiment of jealousy that we attribute to Love.

"We cannot disguise our thoughts before the gods, and I overheard one day, in the temple of Cythera, a shepherdess who addressed herself to the goddess thus: "I used to think " I loved Nicander, and Elismena, " whom he loved, excited in my

"heart the most cruel jealousy.
" Great goddess, I come to this
" altar to render thee thanks for
" having regained myself. I love
" Myrtile, and I feel thankful to-day
" not because Elismene made me
" jealous but because she triumphed
" with less beauty than myself."
" Thus they imagine they love, and
they are only jealous.

—— One loves, sometimes without knowing it, replied Zelida.
"A young nymph destined for the altar of Venus said to her one day, in this same temple: "I love no one; but since I cannot be priestess of the mother of Love, grant, powerful goddess, that he inflames me for Palmyrus." Palmyrus loved the nymph, but had not made avowal. He was in the temple; he overheard her prayer, and, ~~all~~ sure of his happiness, he ran all transport, to declare his love. "I believed I loved no one, the nymph said to him; but what I feel in the avowal only apprises ~~me~~ you, Palmyrus, that my heart has long been yours."

We came, while thus entertaining ourselves, to a wood of laurels where Zelida liked to come to dream. The sun there diffused a light so mellow that we might say we recognized Daphnis anew in the trunk ~~thx~~ of that tree.

We seated ourselves close to a brook, that likes to embellish its turf in order to draw the nymphs on its banks, and, after Zelida began to speak it softened its murmur to listen to what she relates, thus:

"You owe all your fires to the god of Cythera, and, I believe Diphilus, he never inflamed more happily; but between Licas and me, we collect the fires of Bacchus and Love. These gods, of whose amiable intelligence I have acquainted you, are subject to the weaknesses other gods may have.

"When they are incited to maintain their laws, the strongest friendships are not exempt from coldness. A shepherd from the banks the Lignon gathered one day some grapes to offer his shepherdess. A drinker,

jealous of the glory of Bacchus, met the shepherd who had entwined the grapes with garlands of flowers.
"If you choose to please Love by offering gifts to your shepherdness, said the drinker, content yourself with the gifts of Flora and Pomona, and leave to the drinkers the gifts of Bacchus. — There is nothing left to please Love, responds the shepherd, and Bacchus himself could not prevent me offering this present to Lisis. — Rash man replied the reveler, thou knowest not Bacchus, but thou shall't know his vengeance!"
"Love protected the shepherd and Bacchus declares against him. Venus, fearing that the particular interest of these two gods might do injury to her empire, lost no time in reestablishing their intelligence; she makes them swear by the Styx to forget this quarrel. I wish, she told them, that the universe shall not doubt of your union, — that Bacchus bears to-day the arrows of my son, and that my son reign over the empire of Bacchus!"

"These gods accepted the conditions of commendation, and, from that day, Bacchus also hurled the arrows ~~of~~ that Love submitted to the drinkers.

Licas, long ago, sighed for me and at that time I did not care for him; but finally Bacchus, master of the fires of Love, enflamed me, and from that time I loved as much as I was loved. Though Licas pretended to have the advantage, and ~~would~~ avowed incessantly that he loved more ardently than me. "I am wounded by the hand by the hand of Love, he said to me; but you owe your fires to Bacchus. Avow Zelida, that Love ---

—— No, Licas, Love, Love himself, has less arder for whom he loves than Zelida has for you. When Bacchus wounded me he had all the power of Love; and the god who wounded you had not the power of Bacchus."

"Thus dispute we always which loves the most. When Licas asked the least favor that Love ordains us to accord, I exacted

before permitting it, he avow that I love more than him. He sometimes constrained himself to agree to it; but frequently I was obliged to impose self-restraint in order to refuse that which I so much envied him obtaining.

"At last, I resolved, in order to not yield him the advantage, to implore the aid of Love. I presented myself at his temple, but Diphilus, very differently from you; you went to ask him to let you escape his empire, and I asked ~~him~~ to love more than I had before.

"Mortals are equal to gods in Love's temple, and I never approached the sanctuary but after lovers who were presenting themselves before me.

"I love Ersisa, said a swain, "god of hearts, thou knowest it, "but I am too young, said he, to "dare avow that I love her. Inspire him then, Love, that the "fires which ought endure always cannot appear too soon."

"Son of Venus, said a disciple "of Mars, I have always considered "lovers as lunatics: their submission,

"their constraint, and their pleas-
"ures, all seemed incredible to me;
"but, when I think of Phenica, all
"seems possible."
"Love, said another, I implore
"thy aid in the service of
"Bacchus. I have sworn to pass
"my days in his pleasures and
"realm; he reproaches me to-day
"that next to Themicra I think only
"of thee, and that I hardly
"think of him.
"The god had seen me, he knew
what had brought me to his temple;
he anticipated my prayer and
wounds me with his most
ardent arrow.
"Come, exclaimed I suddenly,
come, Licas, now dispute with
me the glory of loving most!"
—— Licas, Love told me, loves
as much as Zelida. Zelida
was wounded by the hand of
Bacchus, and then Love came
to enflame her. Licas was
wounded by Love, but he goes to
the temple of Bacchus, and Bacchus
awakened in his heart the fires

that he borrows from me. Happy lovers, adds the god of Cythera, you will have advantage over all loving hearts; but Zelida knew not of her advantage of Licas, nor Licas his over Zelida.

—— Licas at last feels for me all that Adonis feels for Venus; but I have for him, I believe, transports that Venus never had for Adonis.

—— Yes, nymph, I will avow that you excel Vénus in tenderness, if you will acknowledge that I excel you as much."

I began to dispute, with Zelida, which should love most tenderly, hearts that love wounds with his arrow, or those which Bacchus and Love both inflame; but the horns which we heard, were announcing the return of the chase.

The young nymphs and the Loves prepared a concert in the pavillion of the Graces. Venus came to listen. What concord! what melody! The harmony of Paphos is not what we hear among mortals: far from those

sounds people admire while saying they are so pretty, and far removed from that languor, they practice so often in trying to effect the touching. Each tone formed at Paphos penetrates the heart, and, blending the harmony makes us oblivious of other pleasures.

The nymphs were attending Venus to reconduct her to the palace. A bed of foliage, that the Graces took charge of after ornamenting the concert with Flora, seems to float over the bay of Paphos: the swans support its weight, and the doves yoked, in following the Zephyrs who caress the nayaids, swiftly bears the goddess over the surface of the water.

All her court is drawn up on the banks of the strait, etc.

